And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters, and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

Iag. What ſaieſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkeſt thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it, Why, thou ſilly Gentleman.

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſition.

Iag. I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue? a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with Idleneſſe, or manur'd with Induſtry, why the power, and corrigible Authority of this, lies in our wills. If the ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I proteſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I could neuer better ſtead thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe warres, defeate

defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her loue vnto the Moore, --- put money in thy purſe, -- nor he to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration: put but money in thy purſe. --- Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills: --- fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now, is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as acerbe as the Colloquintida. When ſhee is ſated with his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce; ſhee muſt haue change, ſhee muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: if thou wilt needes damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and a ſuper ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her; therefore make money, --- a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way: ſeeke thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy ioy, then to bee drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes?

Iag. Thou art ſure of me --- goe, make money --- I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cauſe is harted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be communicatiue in our reuenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doeſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many euents in the womb of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerce, go, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, Adiue.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th morning.

Iag. At my lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Iag. Go to, farewell: --- doe you heare *Roderigo*?

Rod. what ſay you?

Iag. No more of drowning, doe you heare?

Rod. I am chang'd. *Exit Roderigo.*

Iag. Goe to, farewell, put money enough in your purſe:
Thus doe I euer make my foole my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit: I hate the Moore,